

EVERY THURSDAY  
PRICE 6d

11 Key  
No. 50—Dec. 30, 1967

# Mandy



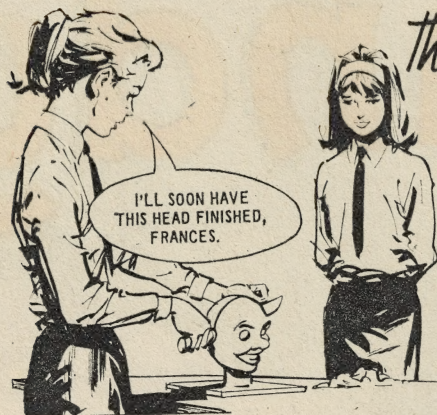
I'll enjoy  
WEARING ALL THESE APRÈS-  
SKI OUTFITS—AFTER THE  
SKI-ING'S OVER!



CONTINUED ON BACK PAGE.

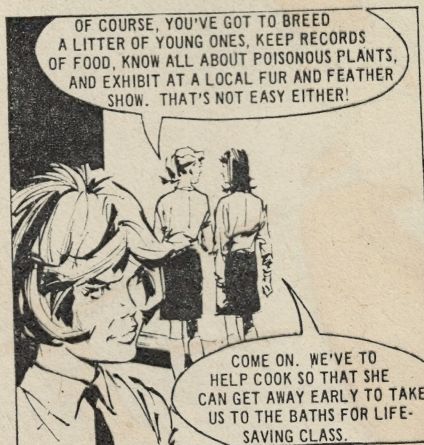
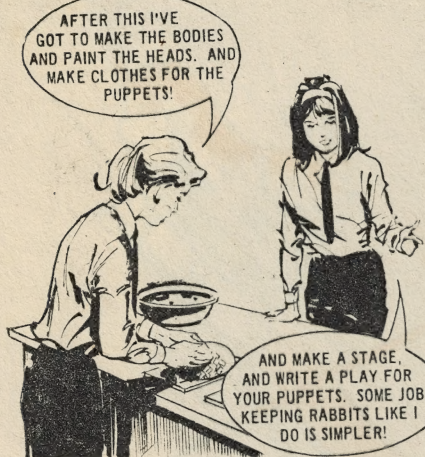


Danger on the stairs.

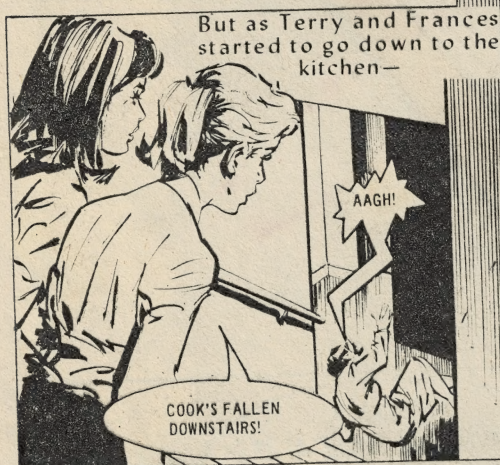
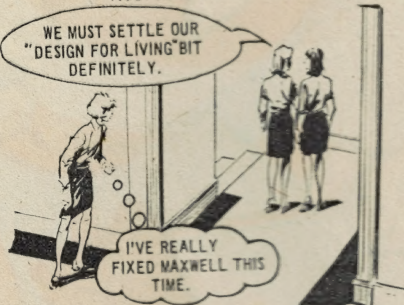


# The Tests of Terry

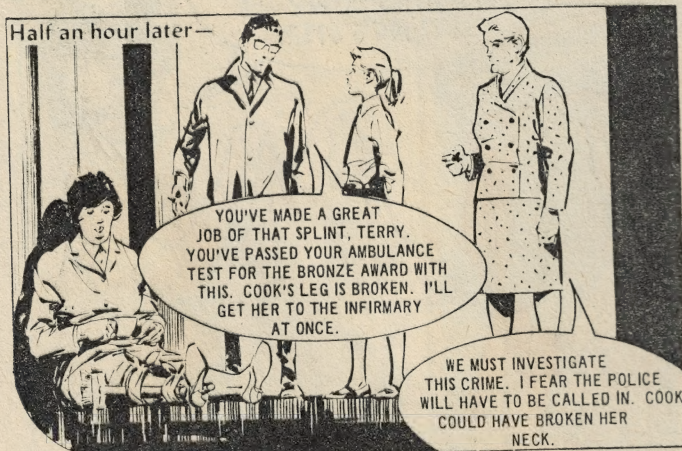
IN Blackfoun Approved School, Terry Maxwell, unjustly accused and convicted of theft, was working on her Duke of Edinburgh Bronze Award. She had chosen puppetry as her pursuit. Terry had persuaded another girl, Frances Hodges, to try for the award, despite opposition by two toughs, Teddie Barnes and Dusty Merton.



But trouble lay ahead for the two girls. Dusty Merton had been busy.



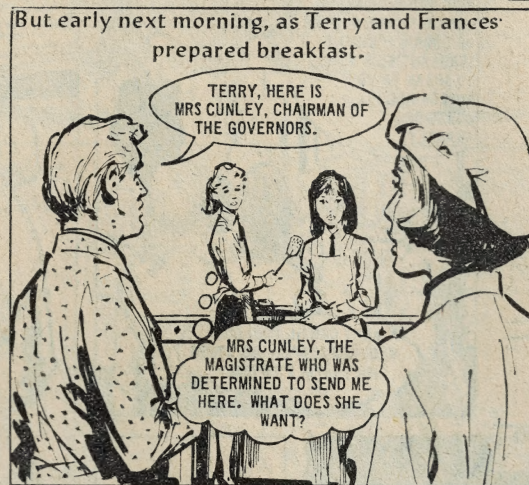
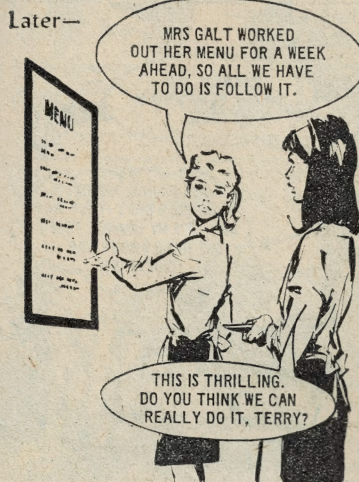
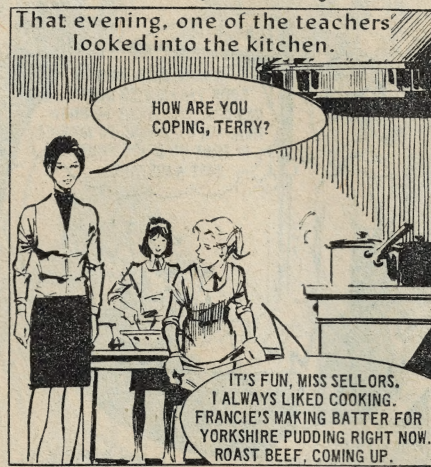
Half an hour later—



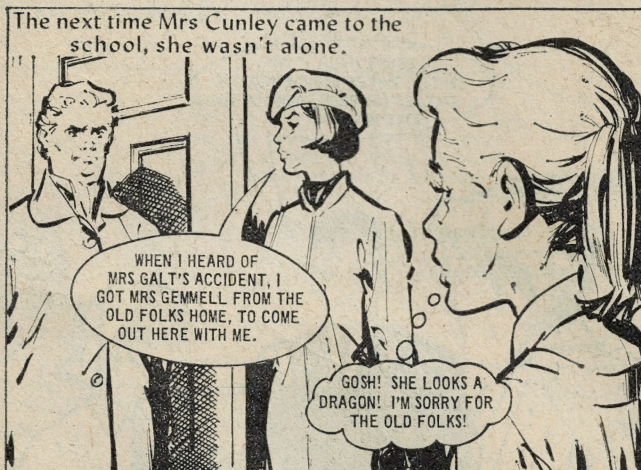


# There's something cooking in the kitchen.

3

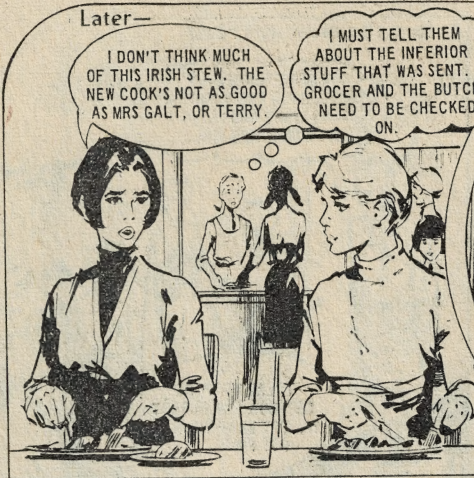


A few days later, after Terry and Frances had been working as kitchen assistants to Mrs Gemmell—





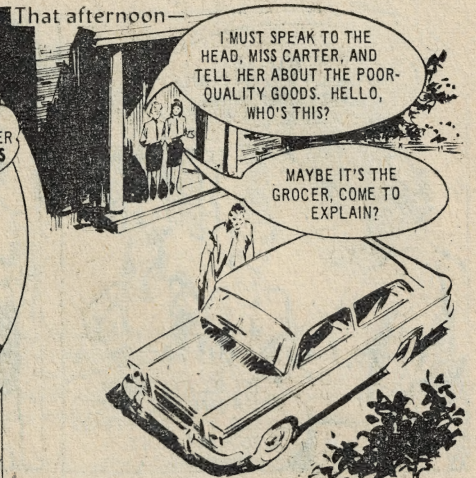
# The clue of the soap tin.



The girls were suddenly summoned to the hall.



GIRLS, THIS IS DETECTIVE-SERGEANT WEIR WHO IS GOING TO LOOK INTO THE MATTER OF COOK'S ACCIDENT. IF SERGEANT WEIR WISHES TO SPEAK TO YOU, ANSWER ALL HIS QUESTIONS FRANKLY.



But, two hours later—



With the Head were Sergeant Weir—and Mrs Gemmell!



Mary was asked, and agreed, to have her fingerprints taken...



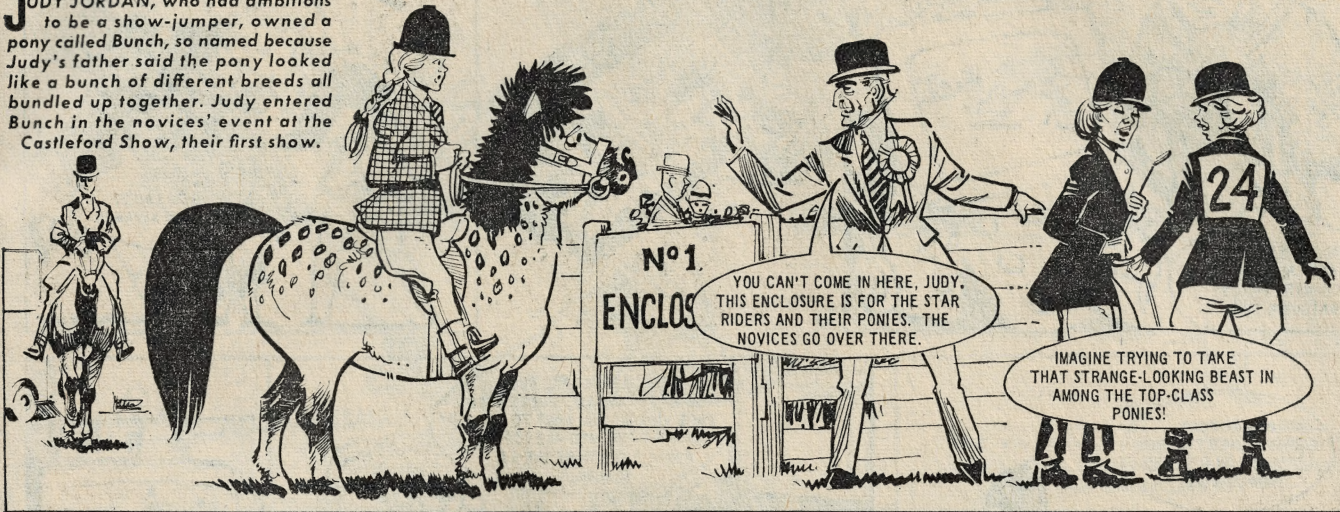
NEXT WEEK—Frances runs away and lands Terry in more trouble.



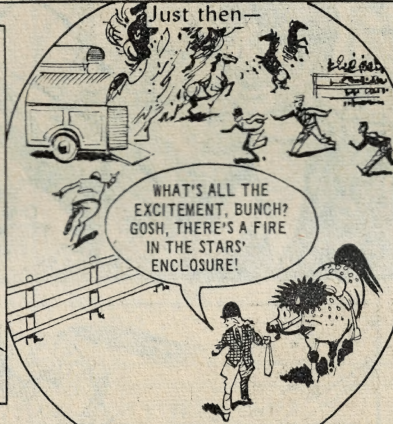
Meet Bunch and Judy—a horse and rider with a difference!

# BUNCH AND JUDY

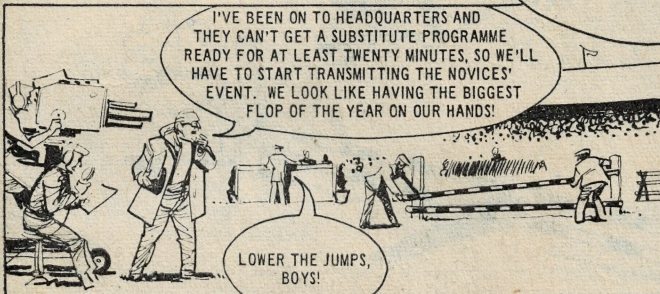
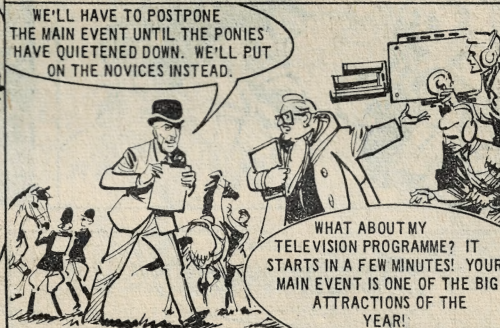
**JUDY JORDAN**, who had ambitions to be a show-jumper, owned a pony called Bunch, so named because Judy's father said the pony looked like a bunch of different breeds all bundled up together. Judy entered Bunch in the novices' event at the Castleford Show, their first show.



At last, Judy found the right enclosure where she was given her number card.



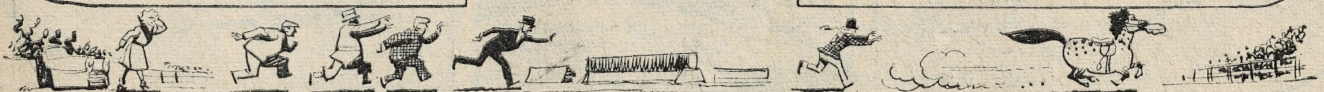
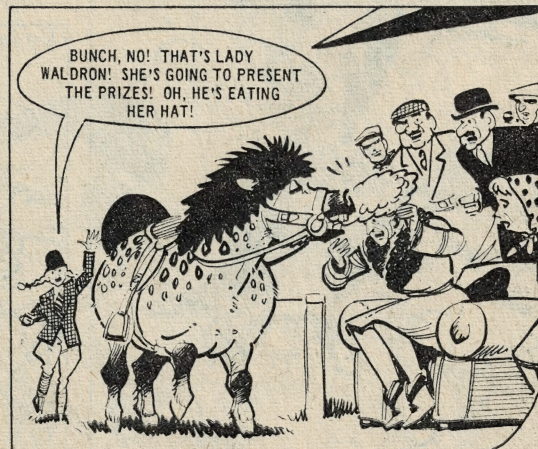
The fire was soon put out, but it had unsettled the star ponies.



But Bunch took that as his cue and galloped off.

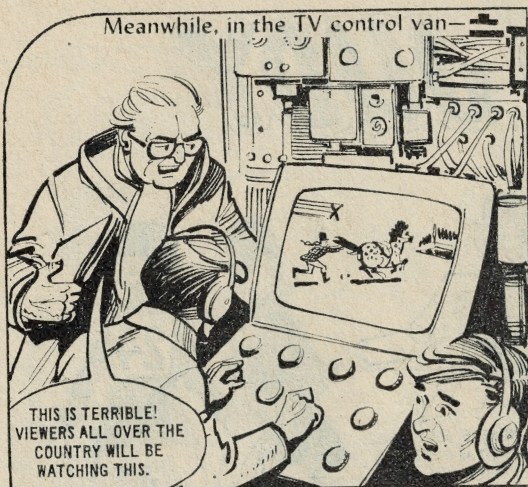


Judy raced after Bunch.





# Judy Jordan jumps to fame!

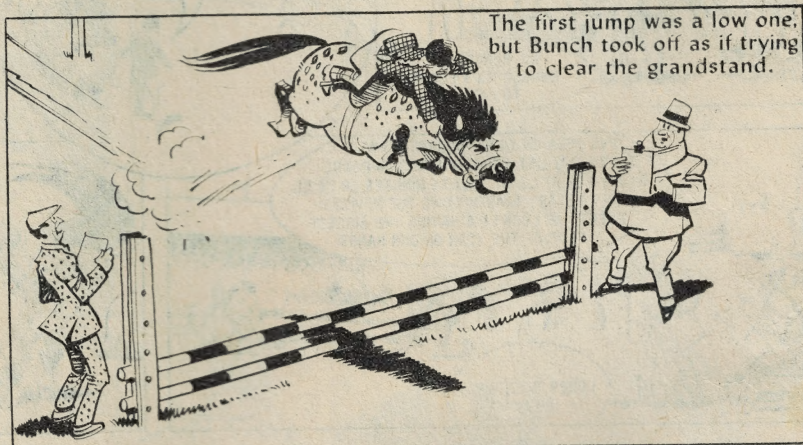
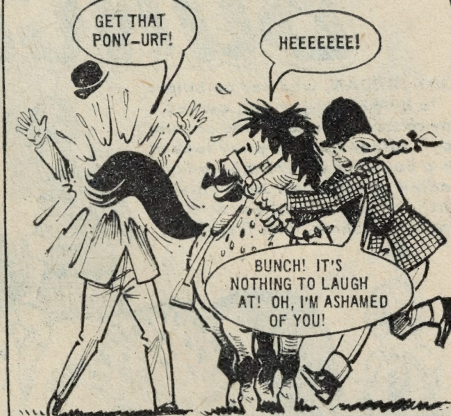


Judy was still on Bunch's trail.

NOW HE'S TAKING A BATH! BUNCH, COME OUT OF THE WATER-JUMP!



As a steward came hurrying over—



Undaunted, Bunch trotted on to the next jump.



Having had a snack, Bunch made his way over the jump.

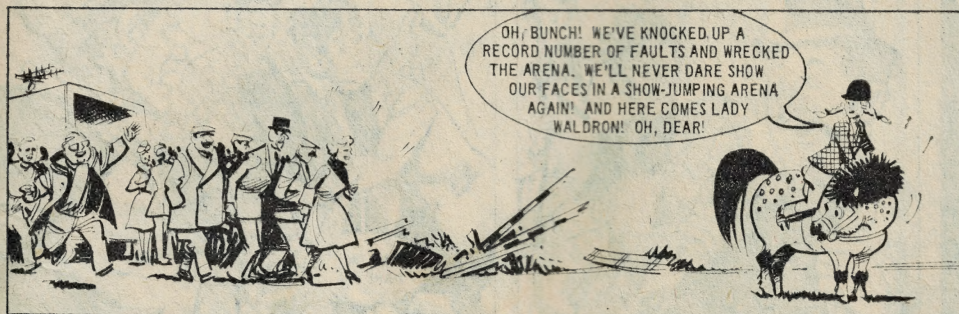
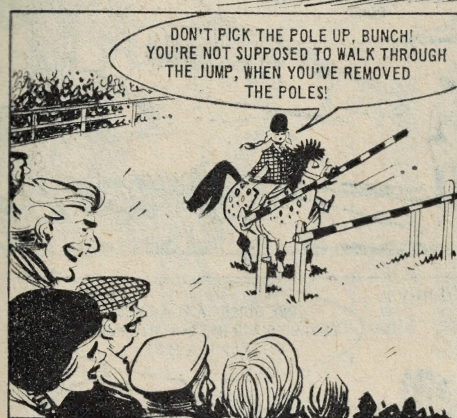




# A special prize for special performers!

7

As if to make amends, Bunch galloped towards the next jump. Then—



More laughs when Bunch and Judy are invited to another horse-show—NEXT WEEK.



# JILL- JUNIOR REPORTER

**J**ILL COOPER was junior reporter on the *Daily Echo*, one of the country's leading newspapers. Things had been pretty quiet newswise—and the editor was desperate for a good story.

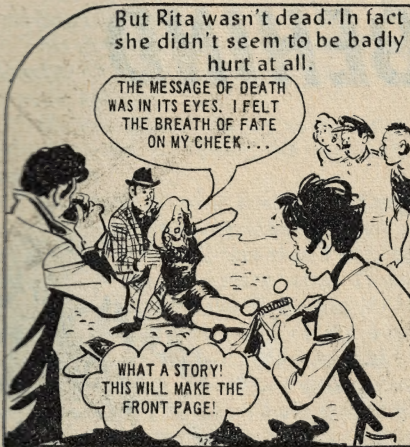
HMM! RITA ROMANO, THE FILM STARLET, IS OPENING THE CIRCUS TODAY. THERE MIGHT BE A STORY IN THAT, I SUPPOSE.



Jill, Harry and Tess were soon at the circus site.







NEXT WEEK—Jill is kidnapped.



A desperate race against a hail of bullets!

# THE GIRL THEY LEFT BEHIND



**J**OAN looked at the man, and seeing the fanatical gleam in his eyes as he looked at the Prince, put out an arm and drew Chula closer to her.

The little boy, disguised in the simple dress of a peasant girl, was the Crown Prince of Cambada, and the only surviving member of the Royal Family. The others had been killed in an army rebellion led by the ruthless Colonel Suyin.

Joan was the daughter of the British Consul in Cambada, and she had been accidentally left behind when her father and friends left the country.

She had taken on the dangerous task of saving the Prince from his enemies, but now his safety was threatened by a loyal subject—Kengo, a village Headman.

"Prince Chula is just a little boy," Joan said defensively to Kengo. "This idea of yours, to take him about the country, showing him to the people, is too dangerous."

"He is our King now," Kengo retorted. "The only one who can put spirit back into the people who are against Colonel Suyin's rule. There are many of them, but they are cowed by Suyin's ruthlessness, shocked into defeat by thinking all the Royal Family are dead. When they see the Prince they—"

"Will make a song and dance about it," Joan cut in sharply. "Suyin will then redouble his efforts to get his hands on Chula. To kill him. Kill him!" she repeated angrily. "What good will it do Cambada if Chula is killed? If I can get him across the border to safety, then the news can be released that he survived the attack on the Palace."

"I'll keep him safe. I'll give my life if needs be to protect him," Kengo told her firmly.

"I, too," Hsai said with fervour. Hsai was Kengo's daughter, and she had brought Joan to this hiding-place amongst the reeds of the river bank.

"Can't you see?" Joan was heated, impatient. "Any rumour of the Prince being seen in a certain area and

Suyin would concentrate his troops there. Yes, I believe you would give your life fighting to save him, but if you and Hsai were killed he'd be all alone. My way is best. I—"

"Engines!" Hsai whispered. "River patrol boats, Father."

"Keep very quiet," Kengo whispered back. He edged from one boat to the other and drew his knife. "If they find this place I will do my best to protect my Prince."

"Is it the baddies?" Chula asked Joan. "Have they come to get me, Joan?"

"They won't find us," Joan told him, keeping her voice low. "Not unless we make a noise. You mustn't talk, Chula. Just stay quiet as Kengo said and very still. Don't be afraid."

"I'm not afraid," Chula said sturdily, but he huddled closer to her. "Not while you are with me," he added.

The patrol boat had a searchlight aboard and its beam flickered towards their hiding place, away, and then back again, but the reeds and the trees were so thick that it did not show up the two boats and the people crouching aboard them.

"Move on!" they heard the shouted order, but they did not relax until the throb of the patrol boat's engine faded into a hum, and then could be heard no more.

"Phew!" said Joan, letting out her breath in a great gasp of relief. "That was close!"

"Now might be as good a time as any to get away, Father," Hsai suggested. "We can go downstream—away from the soldiers' patrol boat."

"There will be more boats," Kengo replied. "It will be best to lie low here for about two days. Until the soldiers decide we are not in this area. Then we move on." The glow came back into his eyes. "From village to village, town to town, spreading word that the Prince is alive. I will arrange secret meetings at which certain reliable Royalists will be allowed to see him and—"



## Drop the Editor a note about "Mandy"—he'll be glad to hear from you.

"You're not taking him," Joan said flatly. "He is my responsibility and I say your plan is too dangerous."

"He does not belong to you," Kengo said angrily. "He belongs to Cambodia. You are a foreigner and this is none of your business."

"He was given into my care," Joan said steadfastly. "I gave my word to Thiang, his nurse, that I would look after him."

"It is none of your business," Kengo repeated hotly.

"I've made it my business," Joan snapped back. "Just as well for Prince Chula that I did, too. That day, in the grounds of the Consulate when Thiang died in my arms, think what would have happened if I had decided then the safety of Chula was none of my business. I would have run off, gone to Suyin, told him that I had got left behind, and asked to be given safe passage across the border to join my father. Prince Chula would have been shot."

"Loyal Cambadians will be grateful for what you have done for the Prince," Kengo said stiffly. "But he doesn't need you any more. My mind is made up. I will not discuss it any further." His eyes narrowed. "Do not try to take him away, girl. I sleep lightly and I swear that if you cross me in this I will take your life."

It was hopeless, Joan told herself wearily. Kengo was desperate and stubborn. She could talk until she was hoarse without changing his mind. Chula had fallen asleep in her arms and a hard lump formed in her throat as she looked down at him. She bent her head and brushed her lips against his cheek. His eyes flickered open and his lips curved in a smile.

"Joan," he murmured sleepily. "I like you, Joan."

"I like you, too," Joan whispered back. Under her breath she added, "Nobody is taking you from me."

### DEFEAT

**W**ITH morning, Chula became restless. He wanted to be on the move and grew fretful when told that he must play quietly.

"It is for your own safety, Highness," Kengo told him. "But in a day or two we will move on."

"I don't want to stay still," Chula said mutinously. "I want—I want to go fishing."

"Good idea," Joan said. An idea had come to her. "He's your King now, Kengo. You should do as he wants."

"Be quiet!" Kengo snapped at her. "I think the sooner we get rid of you the better."

"Kengo and Hsai are going to take you away from me," Joan told Chula. "They have plans for you and I don't agree with them, so they are going to get rid of me. Do you want to go with them, Chula?"

"No!" Chula came to her, lips trembling. "Not unless you come, too, Joan."

"I can't," Joan said gently. "I am going to make for the border. I want to see my father."

"I want to come with you," Chula's voice rose. "I won't stay with them."

"I'll take the spare boat," Joan stood up. "You don't need two. As you are so anxious to be rid of me, Kengo, I'll go at once. Good-bye, Chula. Be a good boy."

"No!" Chula clung to her. "I won't stay with them. I won't!"

He began to sob and Kengo began to look bothered.

"Highness," he said anxiously. "Please do not make such a noise. You do not need the girl now. I am your loyal servant and will take good care of you." He put a hand on Chula's shoulder. "I beg of you—"

Chula hit out at him, kicked at him, all the time shouting and sobbing. Kengo retreated and Joan tried to detach the small hands from her skirts.

"You'll have to pull him off," she said at last. "When he gets into this sort of tantrum he isn't easy to control. The only way to shut him up is to give him a good slap."

"What!" Kengo's face was filled with horror. "Smack

a Royal Prince. You must be out of your mind, girl! I—could not do it."

"Kengo," Joan said bluntly, "I know him better than you. He is spirited, and he is too young to be cajoled into obedience by talk of it being his duty to help you save his country. To get his obedience you will have to frighten him a little. Start as you mean to go on. Smack him. After all, a screaming, rebellious child is going to bring trouble down on you before you have gone a hundred yards."

"I—I—" Kengo swallowed hard, eyed Chula, and said as sternly as he could, "Highness, come away from the girl and be quiet or I will have to smack you."

Chula clung to Joan and redoubled his yells. Kengo stepped forward and raised a hand, started to bring it down, then groaned aloud.

"I can't hit him," he said, covering his face with his hands. "You will have to come with us, Joan. Now make him be quiet."

"Do your own rotten work," Joan retorted. "I am not coming with you on this foolish tour. Don't try and make me, Kengo. I, too, can shout and struggle. Then you'd have your hands really full."

Kengo turned his back on them and was silent for a minute or so. Then he turned to Joan again, his expression bitter.

"So be it," he said. "We will have to resign ourselves to living under the heel of that dictator, Suyin." He knelt then in front of Chula. "I shall not try to take you from your friend, Highness. Please, do not distress yourself."

"You can still fight Suyin," Joan said when she had coaxed Chula into quietness. "Help the Prince and I to get away, too. What you have to do is to stir up trouble. Move about the country, pass the word that you have seen the Prince alive. Stir up rebellion against the soldiers. Steal arms and supplies from them. Get yourself together a band of Royalists and make yourself a thorough nuisance. Blow up bridges!"

"Perhaps I could do it," Kengo began to look more cheerful. "I WILL do it!" He sprang so suddenly to his feet that the boat rocked. "I'll find good men and women. We'll harass Colonel Suyin's soldiers, make them wish they had never been born. Long live the Prince!"

"Amen to that!" Joan agreed fervently. "The thing is, Kengo, your activities will help take the search off us. The soldiers will have their hands full dealing with the outbreaks of rebellion that you stir up."

### 159 DIFFERENT STAMPS

**FREE!**

Just send us your name and address and you will receive this large packet containing many pictorials including the new Monaco Racing Car stamp illustrated FREE OF CHARGE, together with a selection of Approvals. Please enclose 4d postage. Tell your parents you are writing

**JET STAMPS (Dept. A4)**

MUCH WENLOCK, SALOP.

### A MILLION STAMPS

**FREE!**

Write now for your share—100 different plus RUSSIAN, plus SPACE stamps—in all a valuable collection. All absolutely free to those who request discount approvals and enclose two 3d stamps for return postage and packing.  
BAYONA STAMP CO. (M).  
291 London Road, Lettwich Green,  
Northwich Cheshire.

### FREE! STAMP COLLECTORS OUTFIT

Including

- \* STAMP IDENTIFIER
- \* SURPRISE PACKET OF FOREIGN STAMPS
- \* STAMP ALBUM
- \* TRANSPARENT ENVELOPES
- \* PRIZE SET OF 9 HUNGARIAN STAMPS
- \* MAGNIFYING GLASS

Just send us your name and address and enclose 6d for postage. Our famous discount pictorial approvals will accompany each free outfit.  
If you are under 16, please tell your parents you are writing.

**BRIDGNORTH STAMP CO., LTD.**

Dept. P40, Bridgnorth, Shropshire.

When replying to stamp advertisements, please send all inquiries to the addresses in the advertisements—not to "Mandy."



## Mandy wants to print YOUR letter on her readers' page!

### BANG! BANG!

**T**HEY laid low for another day and on the day after that, Kengo thought it safe for Joan and the Prince to leave in one of the boats.

He and his daughter would be going in the opposite direction. The food and water supply was shared out equally between them.

"Our thoughts will be with you," Kengo told Joan gravely. "And our prayers."

He and Hsai knelt before Chula and kissed his hand.

A few minutes later Joan was poling the boat into mid-stream, and Chula was waving good-bye to Hsai and Kengo.

"Joan," he said with a chuckle some hours later. "Your face looks very funny."

"Does it?" Joan said with a smile. "Well, I've never pretended to be a beauty, but what's so funny about it? Have I grown two noses?"

This made Chula laugh loudly.

"Only one nose," he assured her when his laughter was done. "But your face has funny patches. Dark and pale ones."

"Oh, gosh!" Joan said, dismayed. "That means the stuff I used to darken my skin is wearing off. I used the juice of certain berries," she mused. "I'll have to find some before long."

"I'm tired of being on this old boat," Chula said. "Let's look for berries."

"We're safer on it than ashore," Joan told him. "For now, anyway. I know, Chula, have a game with your gun."

While they had been in hiding, Kengo had made Chula a toy gun, carving it from a piece of wood. Chula picked it up now and aimed it at the river bank.

"Bang!" he said at frequent intervals. "Bang! Bang! I'm shooting all the baddies, Joan. I'm a good soldier."

"So you are," Joan said with a smile. "Are you a hungry soldier? I'll make us some dinner soon."

For two days they journeyed uneventfully down the river and Joan's hopes of getting Chula to safety rose. On the third day, moored at the bank and bending over the cooking pot, she heard Chula shouting, "Bang! Bang!"

"That's right," she said without turning her head. "Shoot them all down, then come and have your dinner."

"Bang!" Chula shouted, then peevishly, "I shot that one and deaded him but he hasn't fallen down. He's a cheat."

"So he is." Joan stood up and then went rigid with fright. Chula wasn't shooting at imaginary soldiers. Coming along the river bank were some half-dozen soldiers, led by a sergeant.

"Oh, my gosh!" she exclaimed and leapt to untie the boat.

"Stop!" shouted the sergeant. "We want to talk to you, and ask you some questions."

"Can't stop!" Joan muttered. She began to pole away from the bank and then, as the soldiers raised their rifles, yelled, "Get down, Chula! Get down!"

The soldiers were running and firing at the same time now and bullets whined all about the little boat. Chula had thrown himself down on Joan's command and shrieked with fright as a bullet splintered the deck close to him.

"There's only one chance," Joan said aloud.

She dropped the pole, grabbed up Chula, and jumped overboard. If she could make the opposite bank they had a chance, she told herself. She was a strong swimmer and, even hampered by Chula, hoped she could make the distance. Bullets hit the water about them and then Joan gasped with pain. One had caught her in the fleshy part of her upper arm.

"We've got one of them, the girl, I think," said the sergeant with satisfaction. He pointed to the water. "See,

## Colouring Competition Prizewinners

The following girls have won a paint-box in our colouring competition:—

Marilyn Lewis, Rhondda, Glamorgan; Christine Jones, Tylorstown, Glamorgan; Angela Benney, Christchurch, Hants; Rosemarq Thomas, Llanelli, Carm.; Lorraine Hunter, Midlothian; Celia Rowswell, Somerset; Dale Brady, London, W.2; Ngairi Pratt, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Helen Howarth, Glasgow; Genene King, Llandyssul, Cards.; Linda Owen, Kent; Doreen Brown, London, N.7; Margaret Brown, St Annes; Christine M. Taylor, Caithness; Lynn Houghton, Wigan; Sally Crossin, Belfast, 5; Alison Shivas, Glasgow, S.W.2; Philippa Grant, Surrey; Suzanne Delmonico, London, N.W.7; Annette P. Uriarte, Ayrshire; Susan Chaney, Cwmbran, Mon.; Sian Bennett, Swansea; Iris McIlwraith, Stirlingshire; Anne Perry, Wolverhampton; Jacqueline Prowse, Middlesex; Sandra Vedmore, Newport, Mon.; Linda Hodges, Lymington, Hants.; Dorothy Ask, Bradford, 7; Philippa Coslett, Seaton, Devon; Laura Mellis, Methil, Fife; Louise Crawford, Pettigo, Co. Donegal; Susan R. Evans, Port Talbot; Wendy Upson, Birmingham; Sally Anne Nicke, Mon.; Margaret Warren, Derby; Christine Watt, Solihull; Deborah Rix, Herts.; Christine Westley, Teddington, Middlesex; Linda McMillan, Glasgow, N.1; Shona Kinnes, Dundee; Julia Simpson, Birmingham, 23; Evelyn Herink, London, S.E.25; P. McKernon, Newton-abbey, Co. Antrim; Teresa M. Hill, Cornwall; Elizabeth A. Williamson, Aberdeenshire; Geraldine Hynes, Enniskillen, Co. Fermanagh; Linda D. While, Worcs.; Tina Beament, Kent; Valerie Shanks, Portadown, Co. Armagh; Julie McCoy, Glam.

there is blood, much blood, staining the water."

They watched awhile, but no head surfaced.

"Drowned?" the sergeant said. "We'll wait a while. Two of you go on and see if they have surfaced farther down."

While the sergeant watched, Joan was swimming underwater, her lungs feeling fit to burst, her head throbbing. Chula felt limp in her arms but she kept underwater. The reeds, she told herself. If she could keep underwater until they reached the reeds, they would be out of sight of the soldiers.

"We must report this," the sergeant said later. "They must have drowned and they could have been the Prince and the British girl."

From her hiding place Joan watched them go and then, with a sob of relief, began to push through to the bank. Chula was so limp now in her arms that she feared him dead.

She reached the bank, made the cover of some trees, and laid Chula face down on the ground. Exhausted by her underwater swim and by loss of blood from her wound, still somehow she found the strength to give him artificial respiration.

"Don't die, Chula," ran through her mind as she worked. "Please, please don't die."

Then, when her arms would give no more help, she remembered another way and turned him over on his back and gave him mouth to mouth respiration, the Kiss of Life.

Two minutes later he stirred under her, his eyelids flickered and then opened. He looked as weary as Joan felt, but he was alive.

"Chula!" Joan sobbed. "Oh, Chula!"

The boat was gone, they had no food, she didn't know what dangers they would have to face next, but all she could feel for the moment was a great relief. Relief that the Prince was alive.

*What will happen to Joan and Chula now? Find out  
NEXT WEEK.*

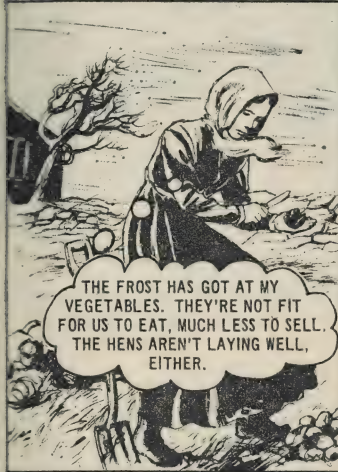


Winter becomes the Smiths' enemy.

# THE WILLING HANDS OF MEG SMITH



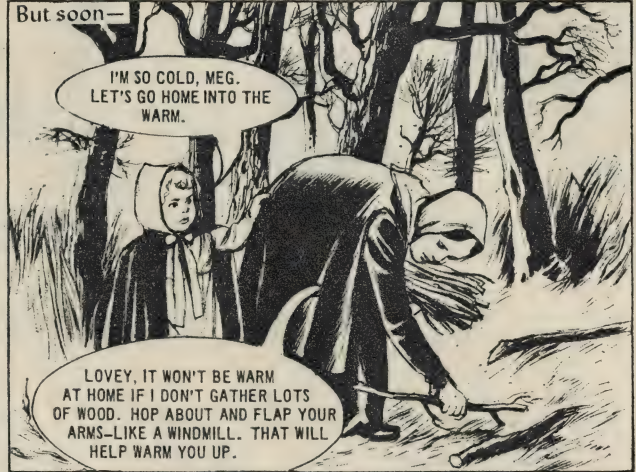
FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD Meg Smith took on the care of her younger brothers and sisters when her widower father died. In those grim Victorian days, Meg turned her hand to any job that came along in order to make ends meet, but a very severe winter was making life even more difficult for Meg.



THE FROST HAS GOT AT MY VEGETABLES. THEY'RE NOT FIT FOR US TO EAT, MUCH LESS TO SELL. THE HENS AREN'T LAYING WELL, EITHER.



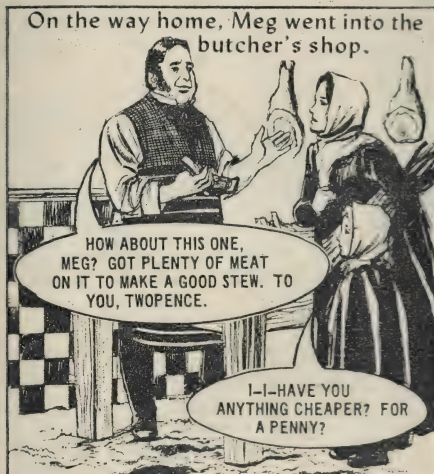
THAT'S THE LAST OF THE COAL. I'LL HAVE TO GO OUT AND GATHER FIREWOOD.



But soon—

I'M SO COLD, MEG. LET'S GO HOME INTO THE WARM.

LOVEY, IT WON'T BE WARM AT HOME IF I DON'T GATHER LOTS OF WOOD. HOP ABOUT AND FLAP YOUR ARMS—LIKE A WINDMILL. THAT WILL HELP WARM YOU UP.



On the way home, Meg went into the butcher's shop.

HOW ABOUT THIS ONE, MEG? GOT PLENTY OF MEAT ON IT TO MAKE A GOOD STEW. TO YOU, TWOPENCE.

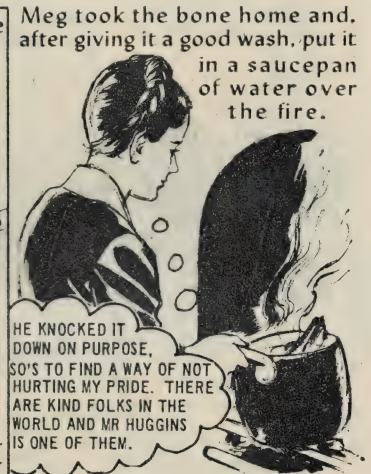
I—I HAVE YOU ANYTHING CHEAPER? FOR A PENNY?



Just then, the butcher knocked the meaty bone over.

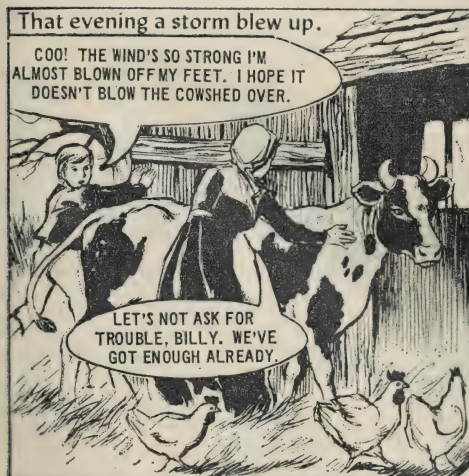
THIS WEATHER MAKES MY HANDS COLD AND CLUMSY. WELL, I CAN'T SELL THAT BONE NOW—IT'S ALL SAWDUST. MAYBE YOU KNOW A DOG WHO'D LIKE IT, MEG?

I—I EXPECT SO, MR HUGGINS.



Meg took the bone home and, after giving it a good wash, put it in a saucepan of water over the fire.

HE KNOCKED IT DOWN ON PURPOSE, SO'S TO FIND A WAY OF NOT HURTING MY PRIDE. THERE ARE KIND FOLKS IN THE WORLD AND MR HUGGINS IS ONE OF THEM.



That evening a storm blew up.

COO! THE WIND'S SO STRONG I'M ALMOST BLOWN OFF MY FEET. I HOPE IT DOESN'T BLOW THE COWSHED OVER.

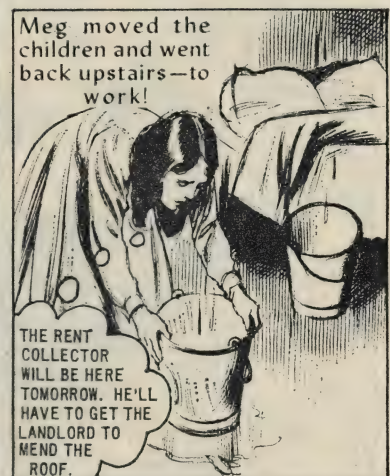
LET'S NOT ASK FOR TROUBLE, BILLY. WE'VE GOT ENOUGH ALREADY.



When Meg was looking in on Annie and Janey—

OH, MY GOODNESS! THE STORM MUST HAVE TAKEN PART OF THE ROOF OFF!

MEG! THERE'S WATER DRIPPING ON PHILLIP AND ME, TOO. IT'S MAKING OUR BEDCLOTHES ALL WET.



Meg moved the children and went back upstairs—to work!

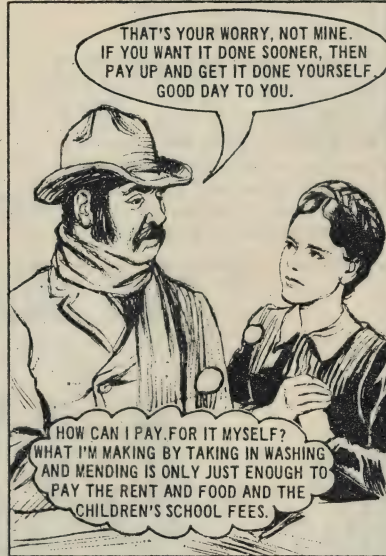
THE RENT COLLECTOR WILL BE HERE TOMORROW. HE'LL HAVE TO GET THE LANDLORD TO MEND THE ROOF.





## A hard decision for Meg!

But next morning—



The high winds continued and Meg's repair didn't last long—



The bad weather brought other troubles, too—



Days passed and the bad weather continued. With no garden produce to sell and the hens still laying badly, with getting washing and ironing jobs done so slowly, the Smiths were in a bad way. Meg managed to find the rent money, but had to keep the children from school, because she could not manage the coppers for their fees. Food was short, too. Meg brooded on ways to make some money, and at last came to a hard decision.



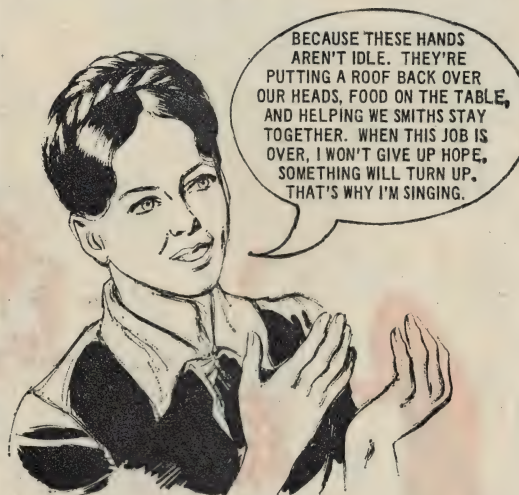
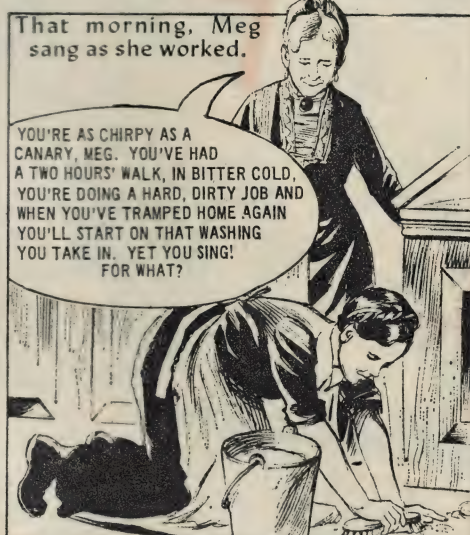
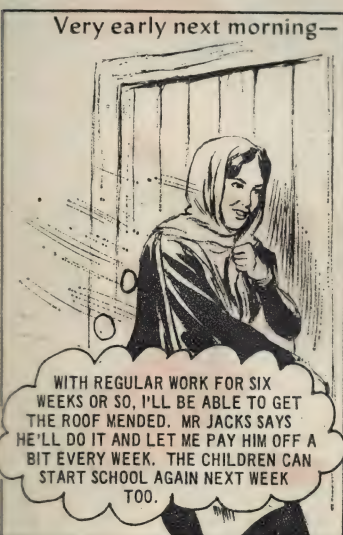
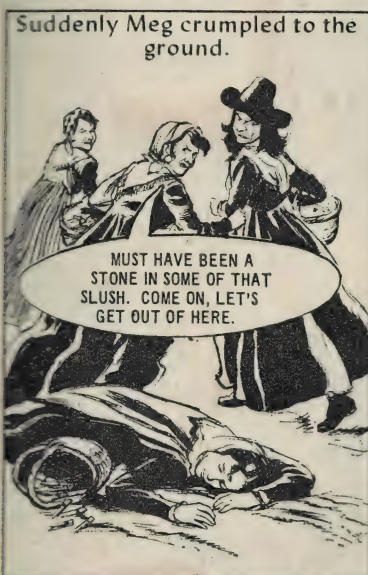
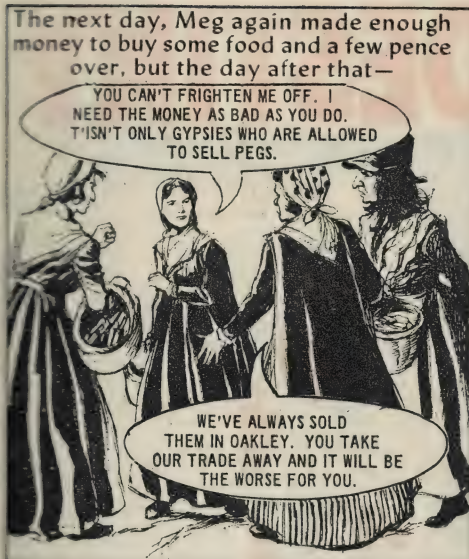
At the first house in Oakley—



It was evening when Meg got home.







NEXT WEEK—

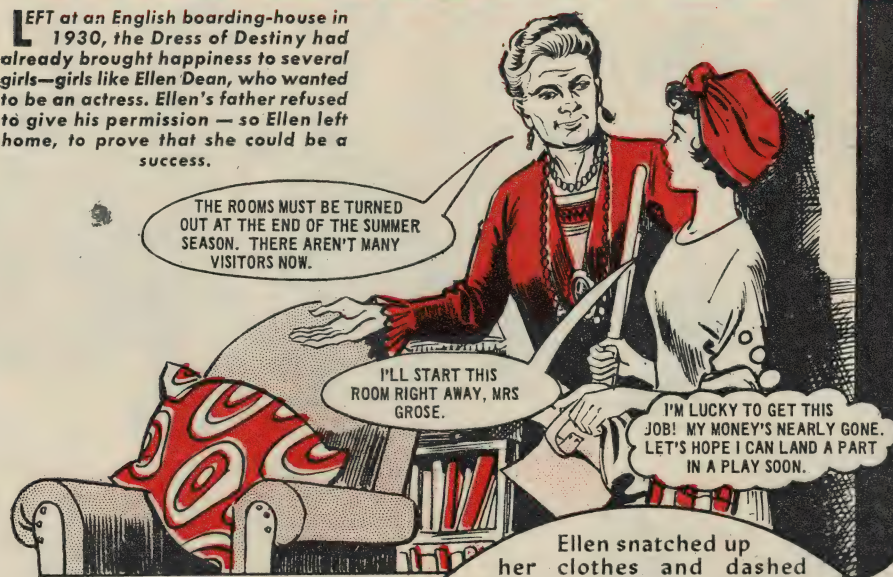
All Meg's work can't help Janey.



A young girl's dream depends on the dress.

# THE DRESS OF DESTINY

LEFT at an English boarding-house in 1930, the Dress of Destiny had already brought happiness to several girls—girls like Ellen Dean, who wanted to be an actress. Ellen's father refused to give his permission — so Ellen left home, to prove that she could be a success.

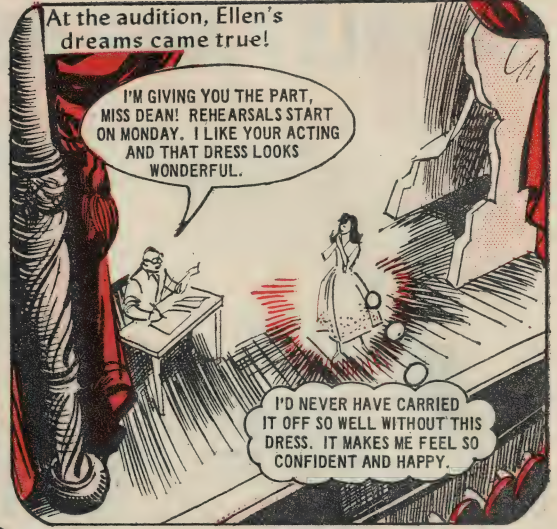


A quick look confirmed Ellen's worst fears.





## Ellen's secret is discovered.



Meanwhile, in the kitchen—



So began a successful stage career for Ellen Dean — with her father's full approval!



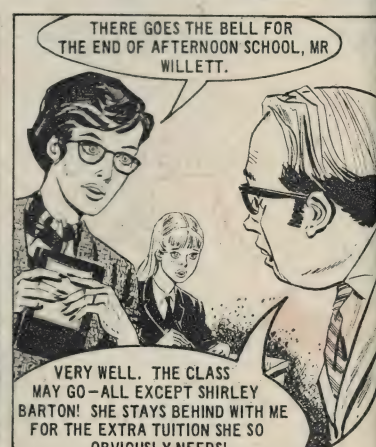
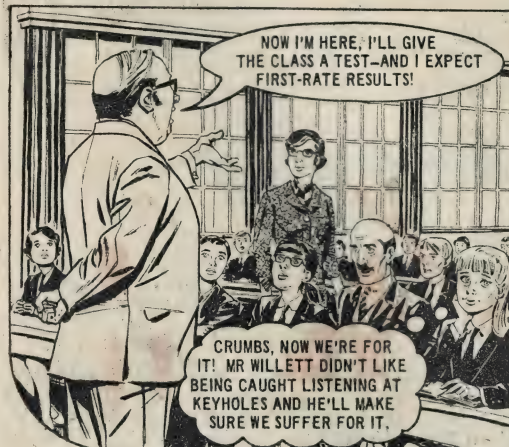
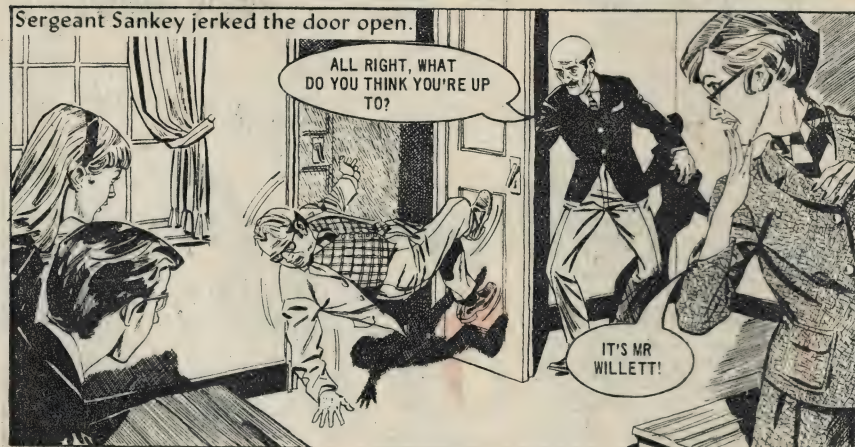
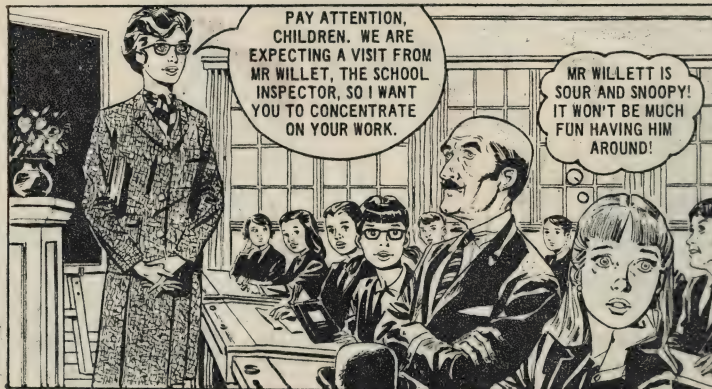
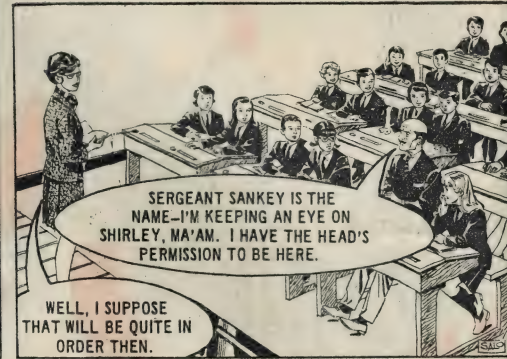
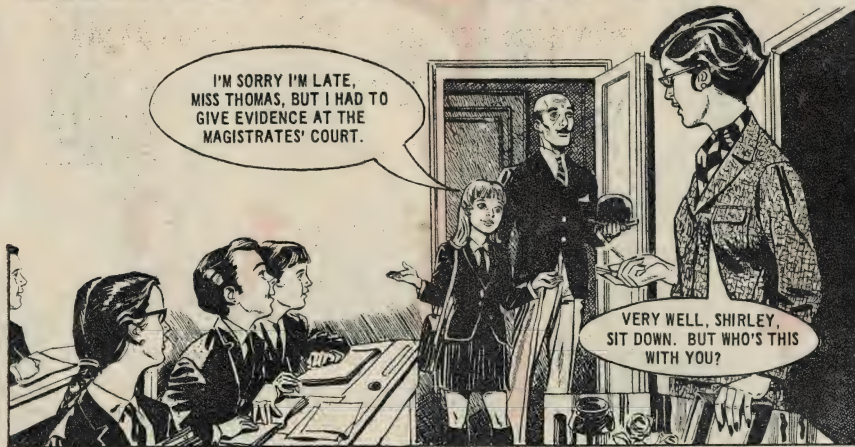
**NEXT WEEK—A young girl wears the dress—and is mistaken for a ghost!**



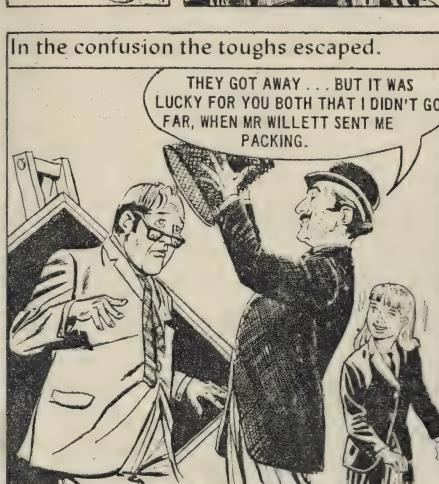
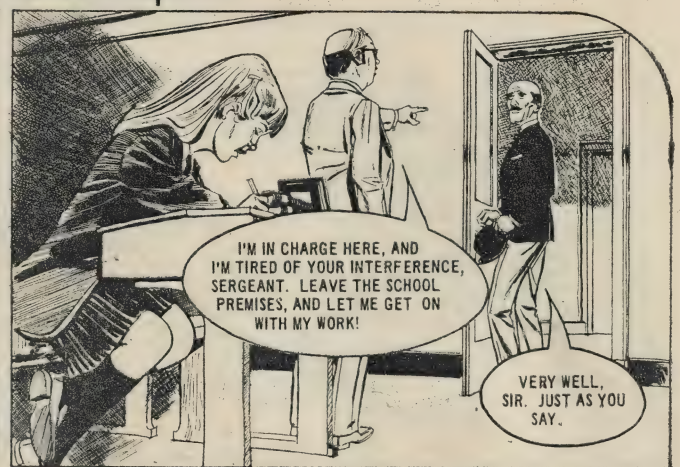
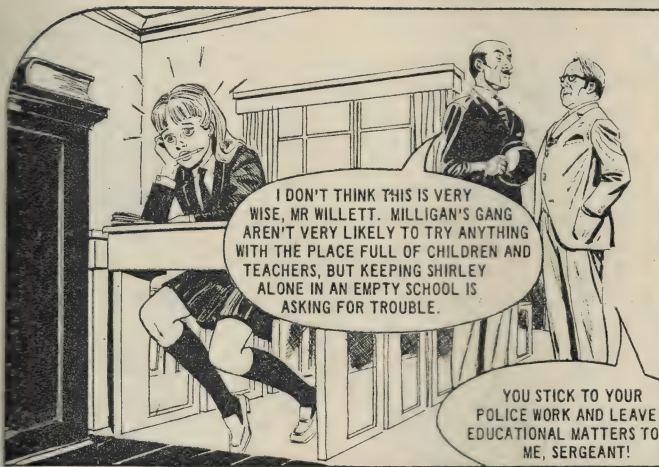
## The listener at the door.

## SHIRLEY AND HER SHADOW

SHIRLEY BARTON was the only witness who could identify Tod Milligan, accused of a bank robbery. To protect Shirley from Milligan's gang who were still free and who were determined that Shirley would not give evidence, the police detailed Sergeant Sankey to be her second shadow.







NEXT WEEK—Sergeant Sankey joins a youth club.







# DOLLY DAYDREAM

HMM! THAT'S A NICE, EASY, SAFE JOB. I BET I COULD BE A GOOD DUSTMAN—



THIS IS THE LIFE!



Look out, Dolly Dustman— your barrow is off downhill!



HEY! COME BACK!

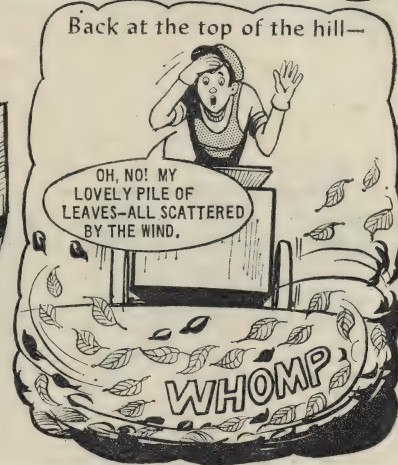


PHEW! GOT IT— BUT IT'S ROLLED RIGHT TO THE FOOT OF THE HILL.

SCREECH

Back at the top of the hill—

OH, NO! MY LOVELY PILE OF LEAVES—ALL SCATTERED BY THE WIND.



Much later—

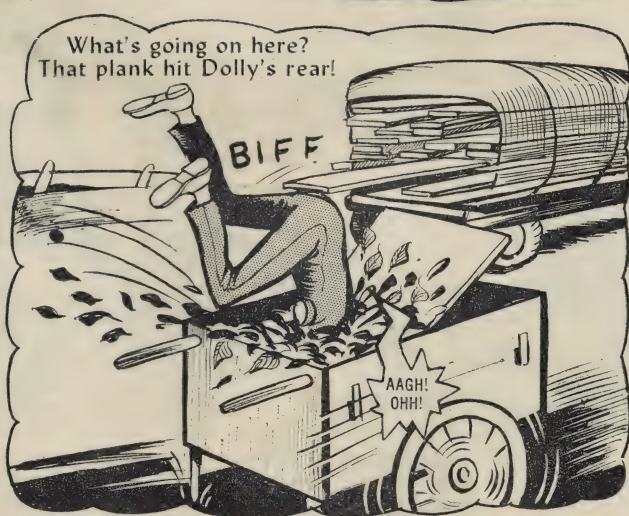
PHEW! FINISHED AT LAST!



What's going on here? That plank hit Dolly's rear!

BIFF

AAGH! OHH!



I FEEL LIKE THE NOBLE DUKE OF YORK—



MY LEAVES—THEY'RE ALL SCATTERED AGAIN!



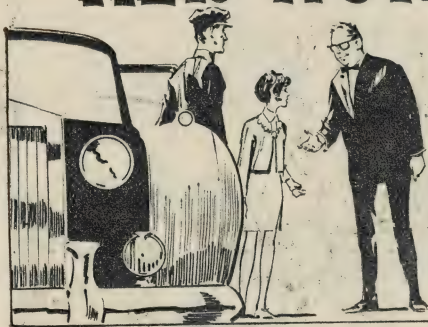
A SAFE, EASY JOB? IF I WERE A DUSTMAN, LIKE IN MY DAYDREAM—I'D TURN OVER A NEW LEAF!





A beauty problem for Wendy.

# HER WORSHIP WENDY



WHEN Wendy Shuttle's widower father was elected Mayor of Chasebury, he appointed schoolgirl Wendy as Mayoress! One day, Wendy was asked to judge at a beauty contest.

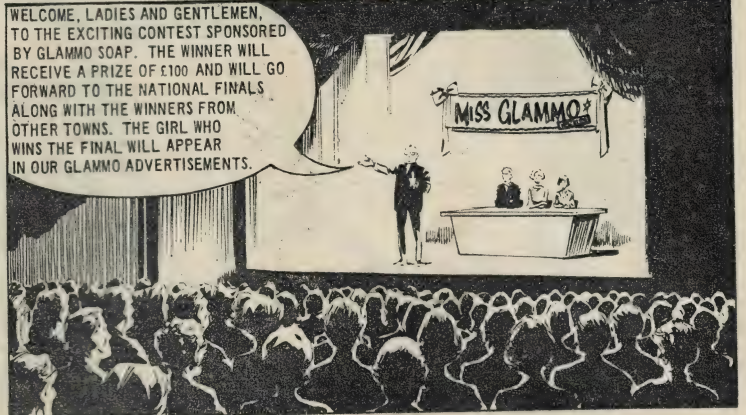
WELCOME, YOUR WORSHIP, ON BEHALF OF THE GLAMMO SOAP COMPANY. MY NAME IS TED TROTTER. I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO THE OTHER JUDGES.



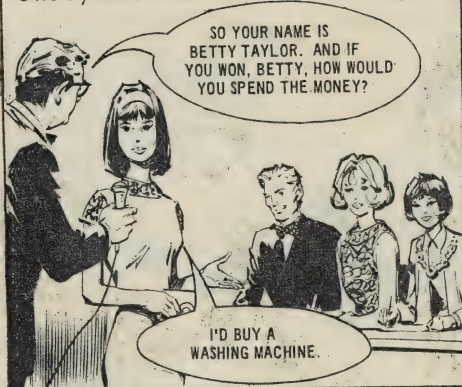
THIS IS MR AND MRS ALFRED CARSTAIRS, THE WELL-KNOWN ACTOR AND ACTRESS. THEY'LL BE THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE JUDGING PANEL.

A CHILD AS MAYORESS—HOW QUANT! YOU MAY FEEL A LITTLE OVER-AWEED BY THINGS, MY DEAR, BUT JUST LEAVE EVERYTHING TO US.

WELCOME, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, TO THE EXCITING CONTEST SPONSORED BY GLAMMO SOAP. THE WINNER WILL RECEIVE A PRIZE OF £100 AND WILL GO FORWARD TO THE NATIONAL FINALS ALONG WITH THE WINNERS FROM OTHER TOWNS. THE GIRL WHO WINS THE FINAL WILL APPEAR IN OUR GLAMMO ADVERTISEMENTS.



One by one, Trotter interviewed the girls.



SO YOUR NAME IS BETTY TAYLOR. AND IF YOU WON, BETTY, HOW WOULD YOU SPEND THE MONEY?

I'D BUY A WASHING MACHINE.



SHE'S THE BEST SO FAR.

YES, WE AGREE WITH YOU.

Then they reached the last contestant.

MY NAME IS GAIL ANDREWS. I DON'T HAVE ANY JOB AS I DON'T NEED TO WORK.

AND IF YOU WON THE PRIZE, HOW WOULD YOU SPEND THE MONEY?



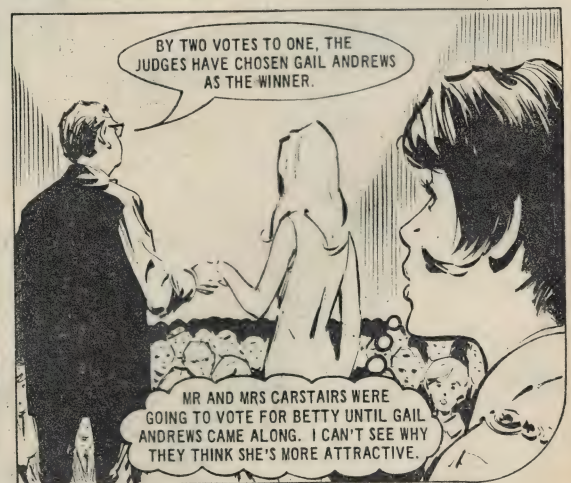
IT'S THE NATIONAL FINALS I'M INTERESTED IN. BUT I'LL USE THE MONEY FOR SOME NEW LEOPARD-SKIN CUSHIONS FOR MY SPORTS CAR.

SHE'S REALLY CONCEITED—AND SHE SOUNDS SO SURE SHE'S GOING TO WIN!



NOW WE'VE SEEN THEM ALL. I THINK NUMBER 9—BETTY TAYLOR—MUST BE THE WINNER. WHAT DO YOU THINK?

WELL—NO. WE FEEL THE FINAL GIRL, GAIL, SHOULD BE THE WINNER.



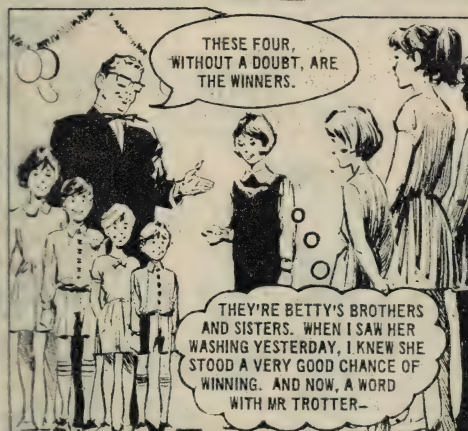
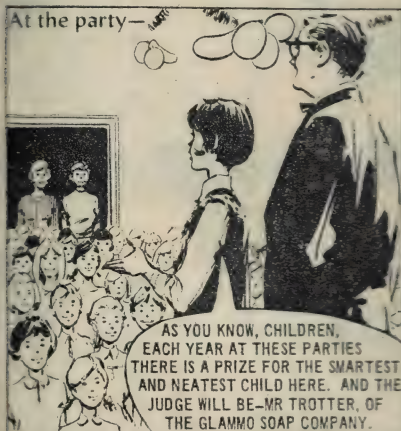
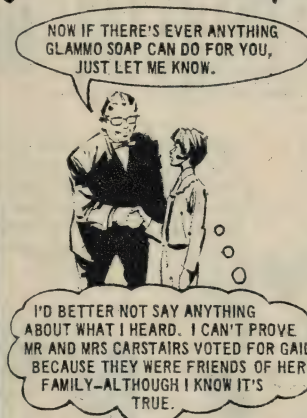
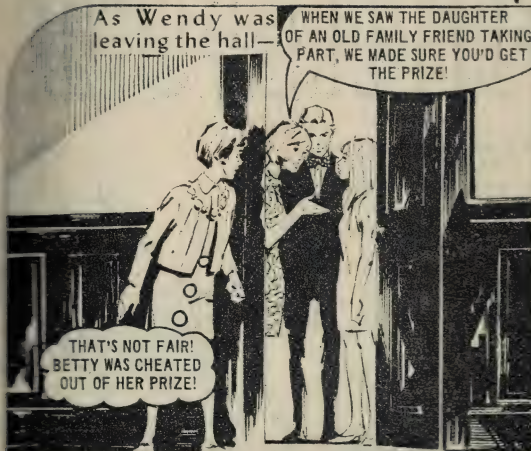
BY TWO VOTES TO ONE, THE JUDGES HAVE CHOSEN GAIL ANDREWS AS THE WINNER.

MR AND MRS CARSTAIRS WERE GOING TO VOTE FOR BETTY UNTIL GAIL ANDREWS CAME ALONG. I CAN'T SEE WHY THEY THINK SHE'S MORE ATTRACTIVE.

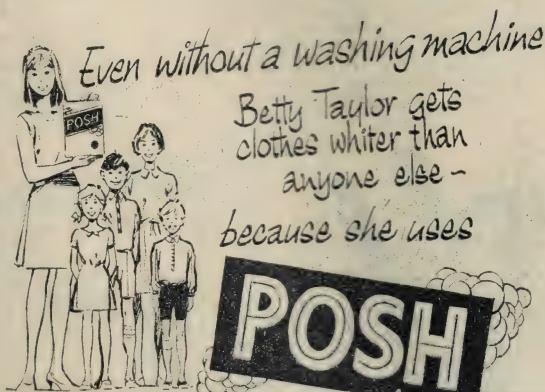




# Wendy gets rid of wasday blues.



A few weeks later—



THERE YOU ARE, BETTY—AND POOR GAIL HAS TO COMPETE WITH DOZENS OF OTHER GIRLS BEFORE SHE STANDS A CHANCE OF APPEARING IN AN ADVERTISEMENT.



NEXT WEEK—Wendy uses a bad play to make a good impression.



# The demons from the mountains. THE COURAGE OF LITTLE PEARL

LITTLE PEARL, a young Chinese orphan, with the help of young Wang Yee, was leading four nuns on the long road to Hong Kong. Pursued by Liberation Guards, who had the country in their power, they had crossed the Forbidden Mountains, a feat few people had ever achieved.



LOOK, THERE IS A VILLAGE—WE ARE SAFE!

THE PEOPLE SEEM TO FEAR US. WHY SHOULD THAT BE?

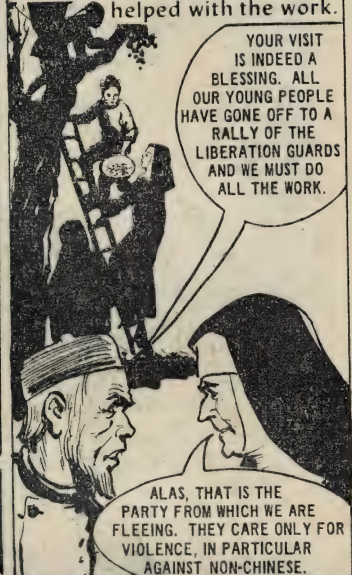
PERHAPS IF I WENT ON ALONE THEY WOULD SPEAK TO ME!

THESE ARE HOLY LADIES TRAVELLING TO HONG KONG. ALL WE ASK IS TO REST HERE FOR A WHILE. THERE'S NO NEED TO FEAR US.

WE THOUGHT ONLY DEMONS COULD COME DOWN FROM THE FORBIDDEN MOUNTAINS. BUT NOW I SEE YOU ARE ORDINARY PEOPLE, OUR POOR DWELLINGS ARE AT YOUR DISPOSAL.

The people were silk-worm farmers. When the travellers had eaten and rested, they helped with the work.

YOUR VISIT IS INDEED A BLESSING. ALL OUR YOUNG PEOPLE HAVE GONE OFF TO A RALLY OF THE LIBERATION GUARDS AND WE MUST DO ALL THE WORK.



ALAS, THAT IS THE PARTY FROM WHICH WE ARE FLEEING. THEY CARE ONLY FOR VIOLENCE, IN PARTICULAR AGAINST NON-CHINESE.

Despite this, the nuns decided to stay and help the villagers. Sister Marie's medicinal skills were in demand.



OH, HOLY LADY, THE RASH WAS SPREADING ALL OVER HIS BODY. BUT UNDER YOUR TREATMENT IT HAS CLEARED UP COMPLETELY.



LONG LIVE THE LIBERATION GUARDS! DEATH TO THE FOREIGNERS!

CHILDREN, BEHAVE! THESE ARE OUR HONOURED GUESTS.

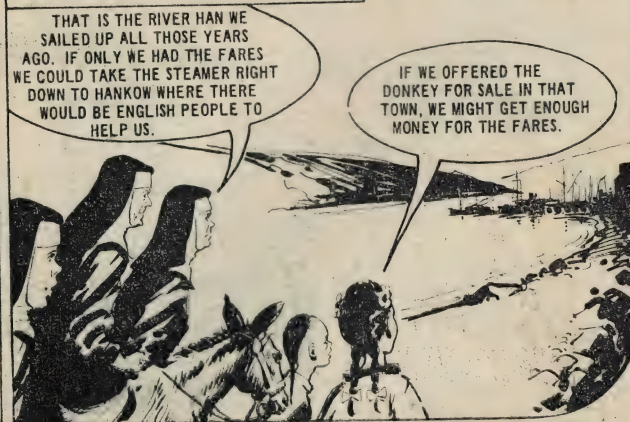
But the youngsters were beyond their elders' control.



I'D LIKE TO LAY MY HANDS ON THOSE UNRULY CHILDREN!

SISTER BRIGID, YOU WILL SAY EXTRA PRAYERS TONIGHT IN ATONEMENT FOR SUCH A THOUGHT.

The nuns continued on their way—

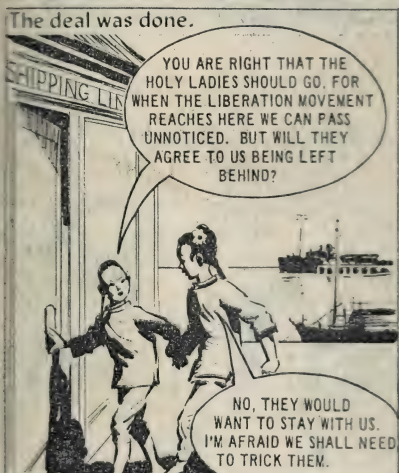
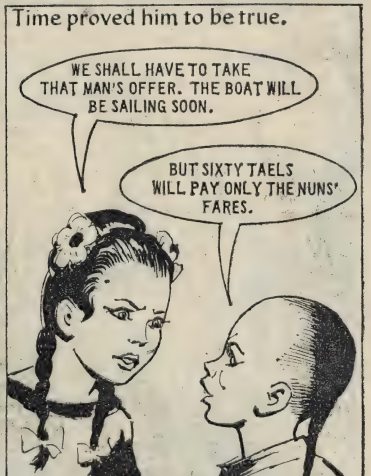
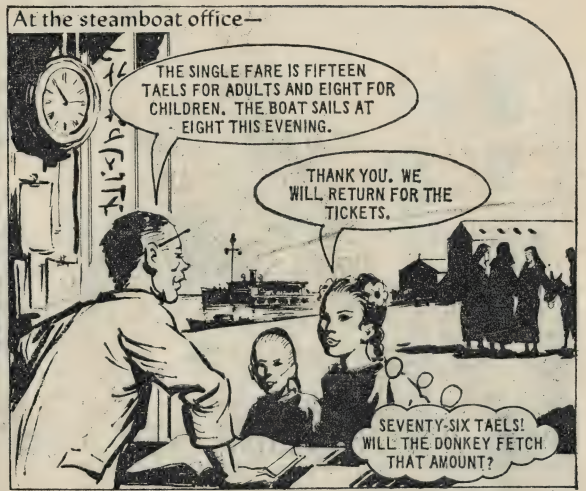


THAT IS THE RIVER HAN WE SAILED UP ALL THOSE YEARS AGO. IF ONLY WE HAD THE FARES WE COULD TAKE THE STEAMER RIGHT DOWN TO HANKOW WHERE THERE WOULD BE ENGLISH PEOPLE TO HELP US.

IF WE OFFERED THE DONKEY FOR SALE IN THAT TOWN, WE MIGHT GET ENOUGH MONEY FOR THE FARES.

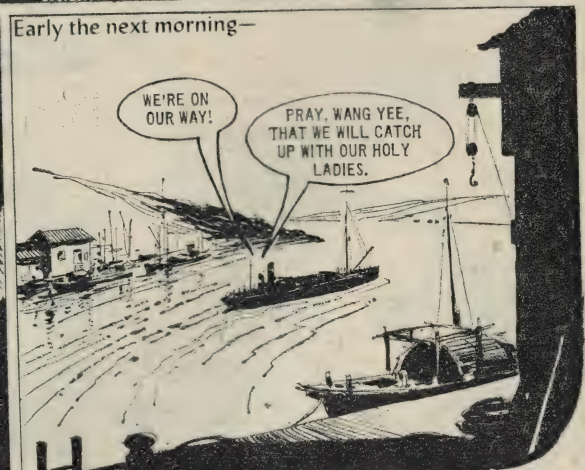
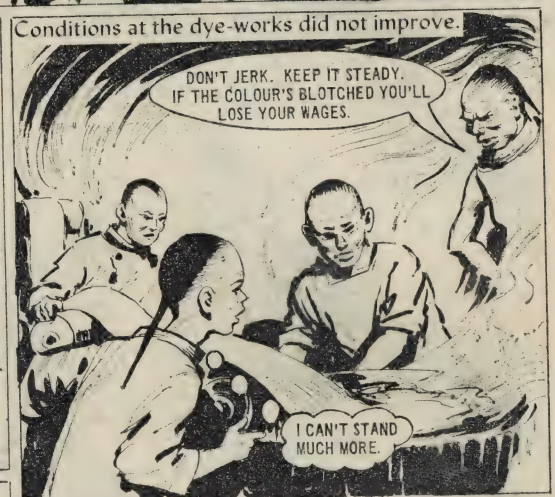
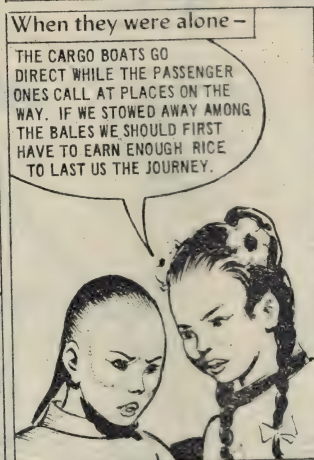
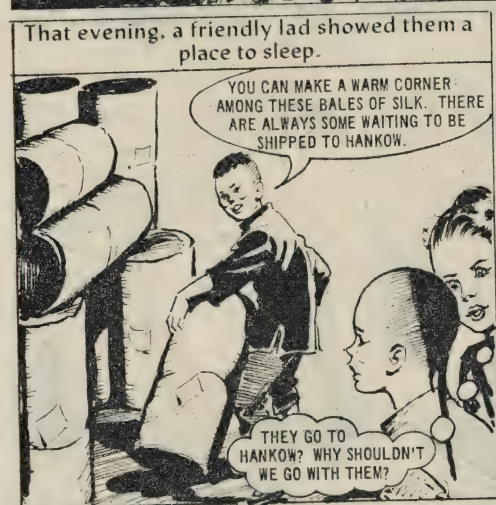
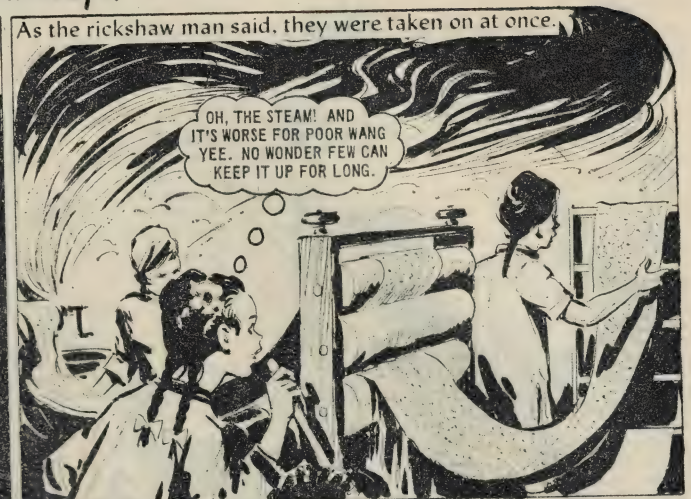
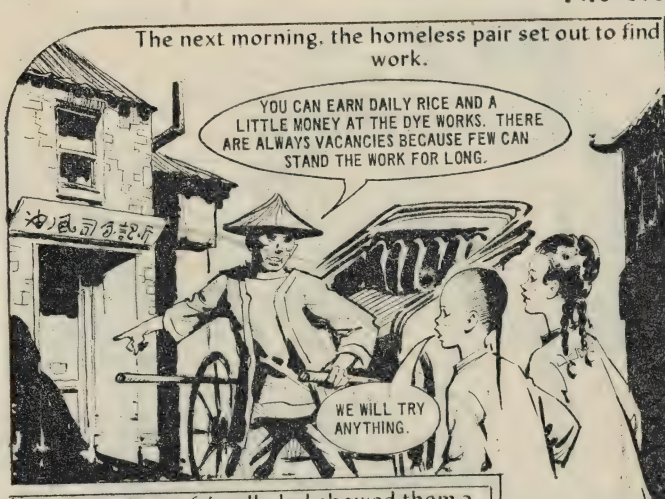








## The stowaways!



NEXT WEEK—A terrible fate awaits Little Pearl.



# Cathy- QUEEN OF COOKS

I'LL HAVE TO BE UP EARLY TOMORROW FOR THE CONTEST.

CATHY COOKE looked after her younger brothers and sisters and ran the house for her invalid father. She had entered the first heat of a cooking contest to find Britain's 'Queen of Cooks'.

But next day—

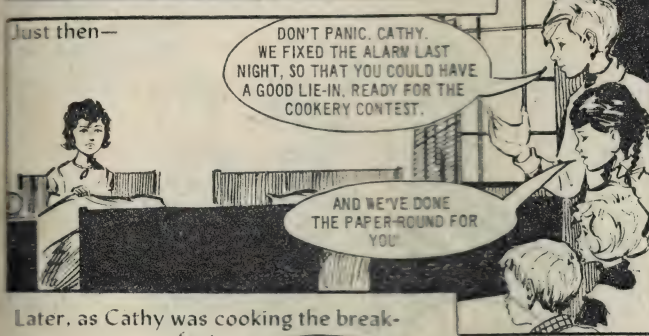
OH, NO! THE ALARM CLOCK DIDN'T GO OFF. I'LL BE LATE FOR MY PAPER-ROUND, AND LATE FOR THE CONTEST, TOO!



Just then—

DON'T PANIC, CATHY. WE FIXED THE ALARM LAST NIGHT, SO THAT YOU COULD HAVE A GOOD LIE-IN, READY FOR THE COOKERY CONTEST.

AND WE'VE DONE THE PAPER-ROUND FOR YOU!



Later, as Cathy was cooking the breakfast—

I'M CERTAIN YOU'LL WIN, CATHY. YOU'RE A CHAMPION COOK—JUST LIKE YOUR MOTHER WAS!



OH, I DO HOPE I DON'T LET THEM DOWN.

I'LL LOSE MY JOB IF YOU CAN'T DO IT, CATHY. WITH MY HUSBAND OUT OF WORK, AND THE CHILDREN TO FEED, I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT I SHALL DO...



DON'T CRY, MRS. MURISON. I'LL DO MY BEST—LET'S SEE WHAT'S IN THE PANTRY.

Then Mrs. Murison, their next-door neighbour, tapped anxiously at the door.

CATHY... OH, CATHY, I DO HOPE YOU CAN HELP ME: THERE'S NO-ONE ELSE CAN!

I'LL HELP IF I CAN, MRS. MURISON. WHAT'S WRONG? COME IN AND TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT.



YOU KNOW I'M CHAR-LADY TO MRS. ROSS, THE MAYOR'S WIFE? WELL, A WEEK AGO, SHE ASKED ME TO ORDER A TWO-TIER ICED BIRTHDAY CAKE—AND I FORGOT ALL ABOUT IT! IT'S HER LITTLE GRANDSON'S BIRTHDAY TODAY. CAN YOU FIX ME UP WITH A CAKE IN TIME, CATHY, PLEASE?



AN ICED BIRTHDAY CAKE? WHEE-EE! THAT'S A TALL ORDER!

CATHY, WHAT ABOUT THE CONTEST? IT STARTS AT NOON—YOU'LL BE LATE.



I CAN'T LET POOR MRS. MURISON LOSE HER JOB, EVEN IF IT MEANS MISSING THE CONTEST, BOB. NOW, LISTEN—THERE'S TWO BOB IN MY PURSE. TAKE THAT, AND GET SOME ICING SUGAR FROM THE CORNER SHOP!



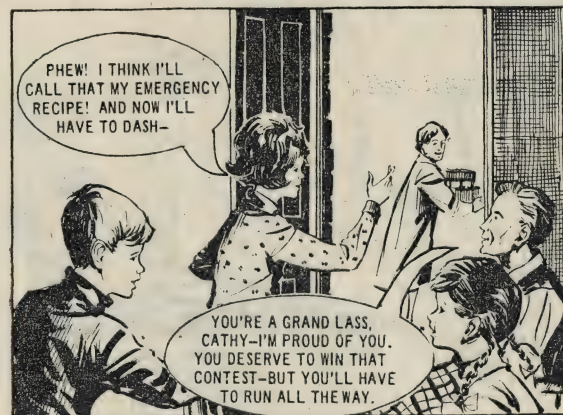


# Cathy is the odd one out.

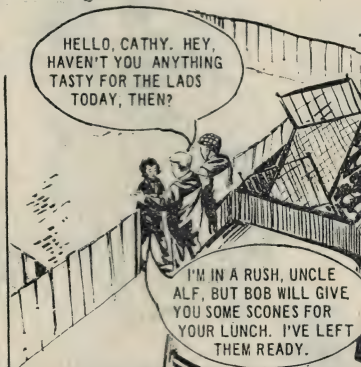
Luckily, Cathy had been practising for the contest, and two cakes were in the larder.



But when Cathy finished—



But for once, Cathy was in luck. As she hurried out of the gate—



So Cathy arrived in style at the Gas Showrooms where the contest was to be held.



Cathy hurried into the showroom's model kitchen. But she was in for a shock.



But when all the cooks were lined up—



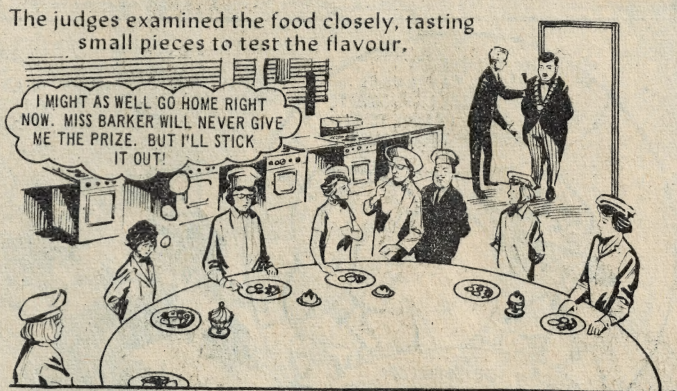
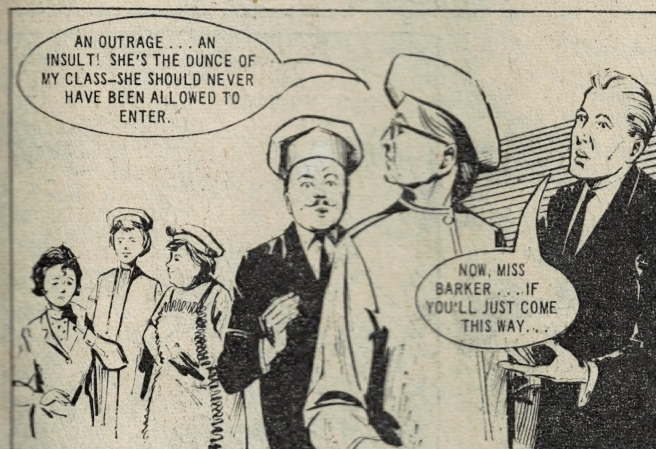
Then Cathy had a brainwave.



So, in full view of passers-by, Cathy began cooking for the contest.







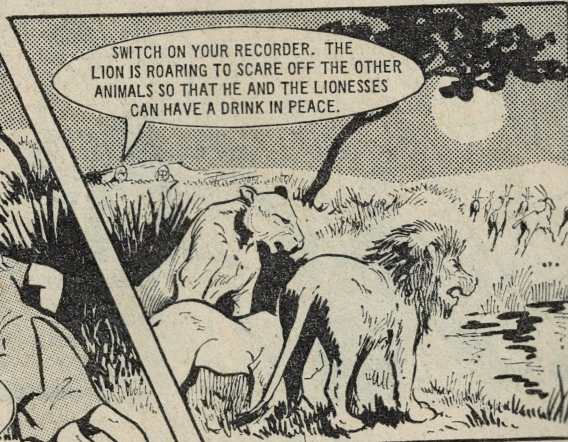
NEXT WEEK-A letter brings bad news for Cathy.



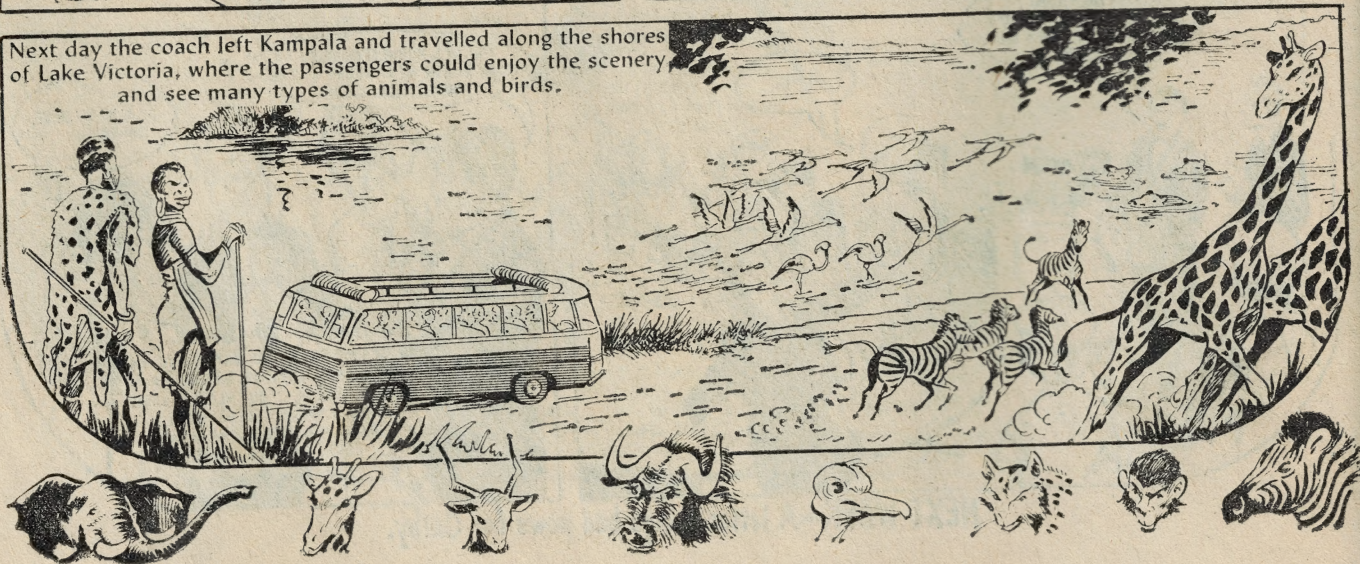
STARTS TODAY—A great new adventure story set in the jungles of Africa.

SUSIE and Carole Morgan owned the "Jungle Bus," a luxury motor coach which took tourists on sight-seeing tours across Africa from Cairo to Cape Town. Fifteen-year-old Susie gave running commentaries on the sights they passed, while Carole, who was a few years older, was the driver. The coach had just reached a hotel deep in the jungle.

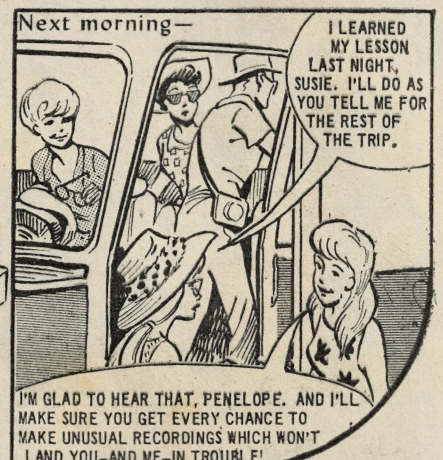
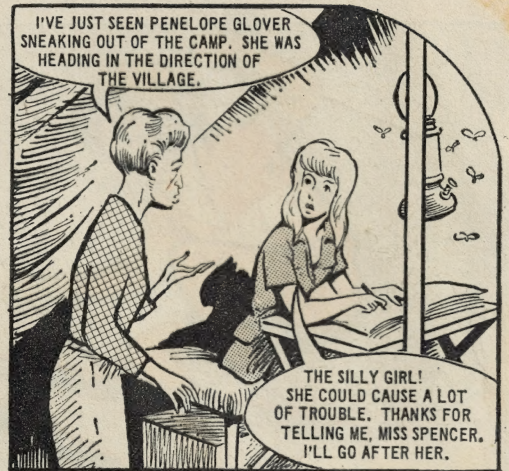
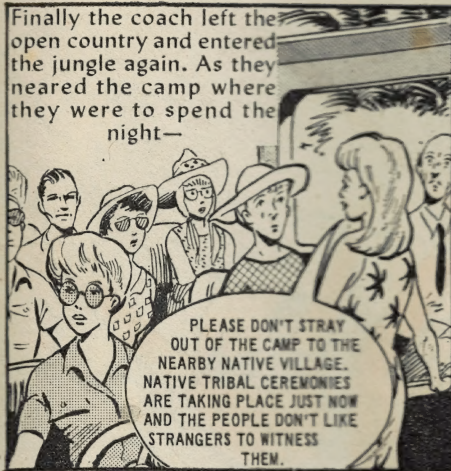
# The Jungle Bus



Next day the coach left Kampala and travelled along the shores of Lake Victoria, where the passengers could enjoy the scenery and see many types of animals and birds.







NEXT WEEK—Susie is attacked by a leopard.



